

SONGS FOR
ten

KINDERGARTEN

AND

PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

WORDS BY

J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

MUSIC BY

BELLE MENARD.

BOSTON :

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

NEW YORK :

C. H. DITSON & CO.

CHICAGO :

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PREFACE.

THE words and music in this book are entirely new, never having been published before in any form. These songs may be used for supplementary work, and can be learned by imitation or by note.

We acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. E. CUTTER, Jr., LEONARD B. MARSHALL, and others, for many kindly suggestions during the preparation of this work.

THE AUTHORS.

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SONGS FOR KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Moderato.



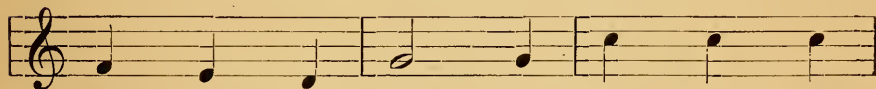
1. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, Re - vered is thy
2. Oh, may we be par-doned Each fol - ly and



name! May thy sa - cred king - dom Be
sin — May we, thro' for - give - ness, Let



al - ways the same! O give, we be - seech thee, Our
love en - ter in! Keep us from temp - ta - tion, From



sweet dai - ly bread, For 'tis through thy
weak - ness of men; Let this be our



kind - ness That all will be fed; For
prayer, O Lord, to the end; Let

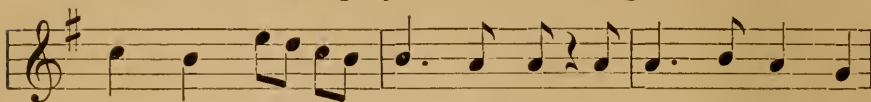


'tis thro' thy kind-ness That all will be fed.
this be our prayer, O Lord, to the end.

MORNING SONG.

Not too slowly.

1. What shall we pray for this fair day? For
 2. What shall we pray for this bright morn? For



gen - tle hands and lov - ing hearts, For voi - ces al - ways
 con - scien - ces up - right and true; For lips all free from



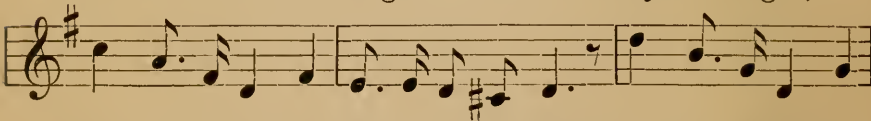
glad and gay, And minds all free from wiles and arts.
 words of scorn, And patience sweet the whole day through.

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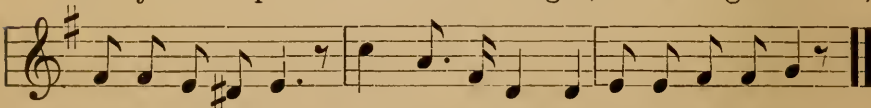
MARCHING SONG.

Smoothly.

1. O when we are tired and les - sons grow long,
 2. Pale cheeks will glisten all so ro - sy bright,



That is the time to sing a lit - tle song; And let us al - so
 Dull eyes will sparkle with a sudden light, And with glad voices,



leave each lit - tle seat, To march away with light and happy feet.
 one and all will say, Work should be mingled with a little play.

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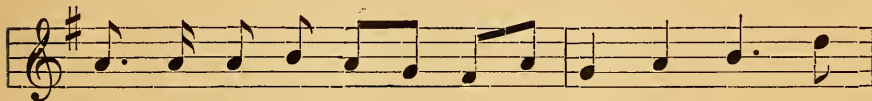
PUSSY-CAT.

Lively.

1. Pus-sy - cat, pus-sy - cat, with coat so brown, They
2. Pus-sy - cat, pus-sy - cat, with eyes so green, They



tell me you have been to Lon - don town. Now
 tell me you have e - ven seen the queen! Oh,



did you see the riv - er rush - ing by, And
 did she wear a crown of shin - ing gold And



great stone towers as high as the sky?
 was she young and fair, or ver - y old?



Pus-sy - cat, pus-sy - cat, brave you have grown, To
 Pus-sy - cat, pus-sy - cat, are you not vain, To

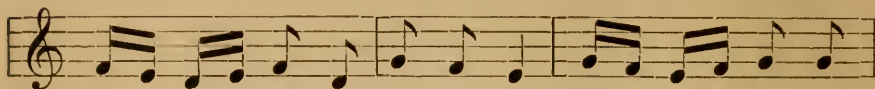


take such a jour - ney all, all a - lone!
 think you have seen a queen and her train?

LITTLE MOURNERS.

Moderate.

1. Lit - tle mourn - ers of the wind,
 2. From what coun - try do you come,
 3. Were you once poor lit - tle girls,



Lit - tle weep-ers of the rain; Tell me who have
 In what lone land do you dwell? Do not fear to
 Whom some fai - ry, old and gray, Changed to spir - its



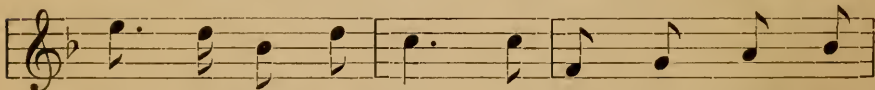
loved you so, Will you e'er be glad a - gain?
 tell me, dears, I can keep a se - cret well.
 of the storm, So to roam and roam al - way?

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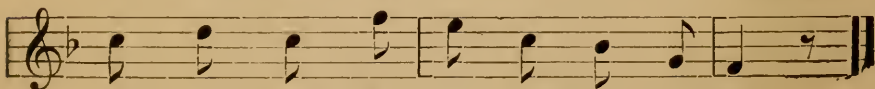
VACATION SONG.*

Gaily.

1. To - day we'll sing the glad - est song, Of
 2. We'll wash our slates so clean and bright, And



all the hap - py year; And we must sing it
 put each book a - way; O, hap - py dreams we'll



loud and long, For play - ing time is near.
 have to - night, To - mor - row we shall play.

* Can be sung in Eb or D.

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OLD GOOSE, OLD GOOSE.

7

Rather slowly.



1. Old goose, old goose, what is it you say, With your
2. Black crow, black crow, have you but one song, That you
3. Fat hen, fat hen, Are you ver - y proud, That you



quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, all day, Old goose, old goose,
caw, caw, caw, caw, caw, so long! Black crow, black crow,
cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, so loud? Fat hen, fat hen,

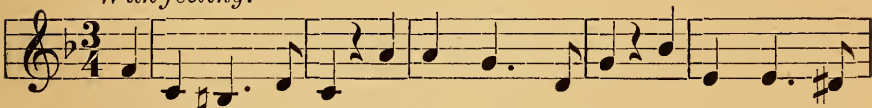


what is it you say, With your quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, all day!
have you but one song, That you caw, caw, caw, caw, caw, so long!
are you ver - y proud, That you cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, so loud?

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POOR LITTLE MISS PRUE!

With feeling.



Poor lit - tle Miss Prue, Sits out in the sun, She counts up to



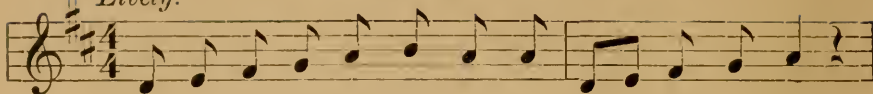
two, Then counts back to one! But now she grows vexed, What



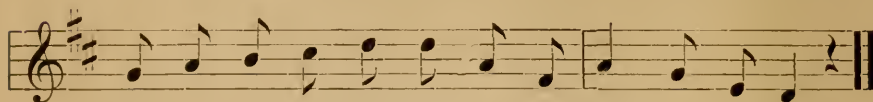
shall this maid do? She don't know what's next! O tell me, do you?

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FLOWER SONG.*

Lively.

1. Vi - o - let and but - ter - cup, O which will you try ?
2. Pan - sy dim and lil - y white, Now which do you choose ?
3. Clover bud and as - ter grand, Which more pleasure brings,



Bright gold that the sun gives up, Or blue of the sky ?
 Col - ors of the summer night, Or sil - ver of dews ?
 Meek - ness of a quak - er band, Or splen - dor of kings ?

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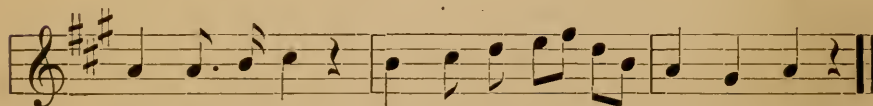
LADY-BUG.

Moderate.

1. La - dy - bug, la - dy-bug, Why do you roam,
2. La - dy - bug, la - dy-bug, Spread out your wings,



This sunny day so far from home? La - dy-bug, la-dy-bug,
 And hear the tale the sad wind brings; La-dy-bug, la-dy-bug,



'Tis sad to tell, At your snug home, all is not well.
 You must return, All is on fire, your babes will burn.

* Can be sung by a little girl with basket of flowers.

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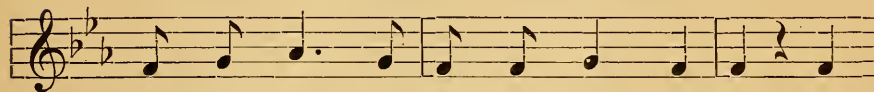
THE LITTLE LAMB.

With feeling.

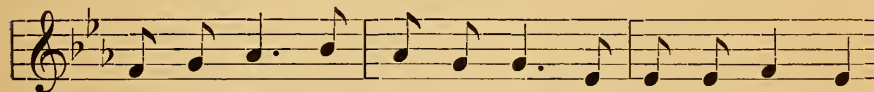
1. A lit - tle lamb once lost its fold, All
 2. He bleat - ed once, so trembling - ly, And



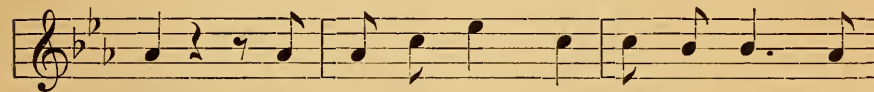
on an au - tumn day, Oh, this wee lamb grew
 shook his lit - tle bell; His moth - er dear, Oh,



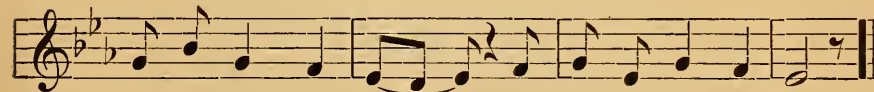
o - ver - bold And wan - der'd off to play; At
 where was she? Poor lamb, he could not tell; The



first he frisk'd so wild and free, A - mid the wav - ing
 wind 'gan sweeping wild and high, A - cross the lone - ly

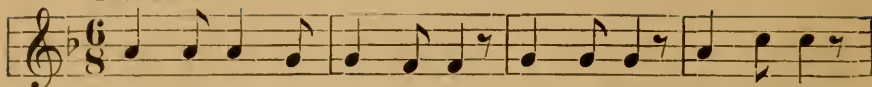


grass, But it grew lone - ly pres - ent - ly, And
 wold, So he lay down with one last cry, And



he felt sad, a - las, . . And he felt sad, a - las!
 died of fear and cold, . . And died of fear and cold.

THE GOSSIPS.*

Moderate.

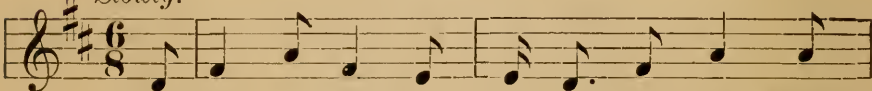
1. Three old dames sit by the fire ; By the fire, By the fire.
2. Three old dames are drinking tea, Drinking tea, Drinking tea,
3. Three old dames are gossiping, Gos- sip-ing, gos - siping,
4. Three old dames are quarrelling, Quarrelling, quar-relling,



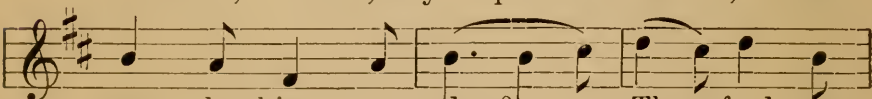
Three old dames sit by the fire, In a cot-tage by the wood.
 Three old dames are drinking tea, In a cott-age by the wood.
 Three old dames are gossip-ing, In a cot-tage by the wood.
 Three old dames are quarrelling, In a cot-tage by the wood.

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JANET.

Slowly.

1. Ja- net, Ja- net, my bon- ny Ja - net, Where
2. Ja- net, Ja- net, my las - sie Ja - net, Where
3. Ja- net, Ja- net, my pa- tient Ja - net, Have



are the kine to - day? . . Three feed on
 is your lit - tle fold? . . Three lambs are
 you no wov - en skein? . . Three bleach with-



yon - der brae, And three have strayed a - way.
 on the wold, And three have died of cold.
 in the pane, And three have caught the rain.

*1ST VERSE—Heads rest on right hands. 2ND VERSE—Motion to imitate carrying cup to the lips. 3RD VERSE—Shake right fore-fingers with emphasis. 4TH VERSE—Throw up both hands angrily.

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THE LAST SCHOOL-DAY.

11

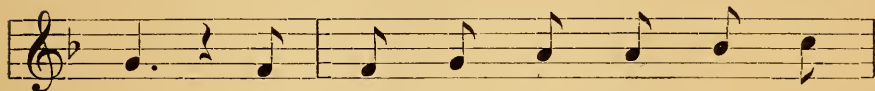
With animation.



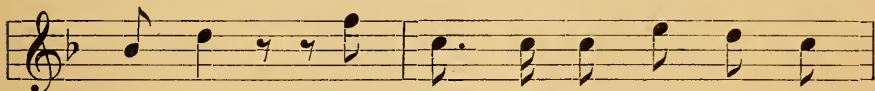
1. A lit - tle bird pecked at the
2. At noon as I walked thro' the
3. To - night as I lie on my



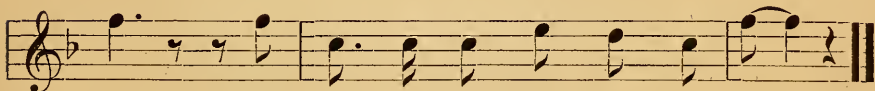
win - dow, As the first morn - ing beams drew
 mead - ow, And lin - gered a - while by the
 pil - low, And say my good - night to the



near, And said with a chirp and a
 pool, The frogs all a - round and a -
 day, The breeze with its sweet voice will



twit - ter, "Wake up, the last school-day is
 bout me, Were croak - ing and croak-ing "No
 mur - mur, "To - mor - row there's nothing but



here, Wake up, the last school-day is here!"
 school!" Were croak - ing and croak-ing "No school!"
 play! To - mor - row there's nothing but play!"

AUTUMN SONG.

Moderate.

1. Now the leaves are fall - ing down,
 2. Gone the bloom from field and wold,



One and all, One and all, Changed from red and
 Si - lent - ly, Si - lent - ly, Clos - er creep the



gold to brown, In the fall, In the fall.
 lone - ly fold, On thelea, On thelea.



Ev - 'ry one their sto - ry knows,
 In the tree - top hangs the nest—



That the wind is cold that blows, That they wait the
 Gray clouds gath - er in the west— E'en the crick - et

ritard.

win - ter snows, As a pall, As a pall.
 is at rest, Qui - et - ly, Qui - et - ly.

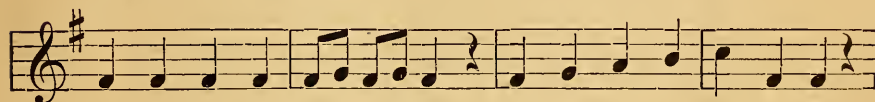
FIVE SMALL MAIDS.*

Lively.

1. Five small maids in a row are we, Always working so cheeri - ly—
2. Five small boys in a row are we, Always full of a noi - sy glee;
3. Ten lit - tle children here we stand, Such a con - tent-ed lit - tle band,



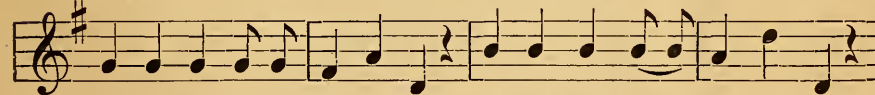
And we are hap - py as can be, Five small maids in a row.
 Hear our song so mer - ry and free, Five small boys in a row.
 So glad - ly sing - ing hand in hand, Ten lit - tle children we!



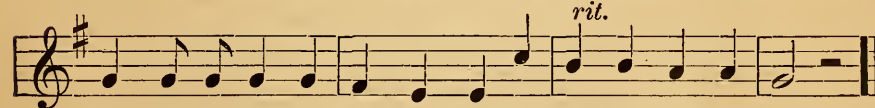
We can knit and we can sew, And we can on er-rands go,
 We won't work but we will play, All the live-long sun - ny day,
 Some are naught - y, some are bad, Some the best that can be had,



Wash the dishes and sweep the floors, Don't you wish that we were yours?
 Noi - sy out-side and worse in - doors, Aren't you glad we are not yours?
 An - gels quite and ty - rants small, Yet per-haps you love us all.



Five small maids in a row are we, Always working so cheer - i - ly,
 Five small boys in a row are we, Always full of noi - sy glee,
 Ten lit - tle children here we stand, Such a con - tent-ed lit - tle band,



And we are hap - py as can be, Five small maids are we!
 Hear our song so mer - ry and free, Five small boys & we!
 So glad - ly sing - ing hand in hand, Ten lit - tle chil - dren we!

* For ten children, with appropriate gestures.

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PRITHEE, LITTLE MAID.

With expression.

1. Prith-ee, lit - tle maid, now tell me true,
 2. Prith-ee, lit - tle maid, now do you know,



Wherefore are your eyes so sweet and blue? "That you may have when
 Why your big brown eyes should sparkle so? "That you may have when

rit. - - - -

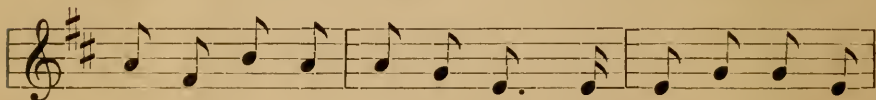
others grow dear, Two lit-tle azure skies soft and clear."
 others burn slow, Two lit-tle twinkling stars here below."

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GOOD MORNING.*

Lively.

1. Good morn - ing to our pleas - ant school, We
 2. Our les - sons will be soon be - gun, When



wel-come ev - 'ry lit - tle rule; Good morning to you,
 they are fin-ished then comes fun; And we with happy



teach-er dear, And hap - py schoolmates gathered here.
 hearts can say, Thrice wel-come to an - oth - er day.

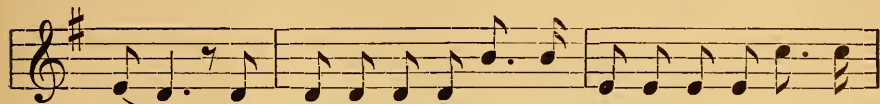
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LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

Moderate.

Lit-tle Miss Muffet, Sat on a tuf-fet, Eating of curds and



whcy ; There came a big spider, And sat down beside her, And



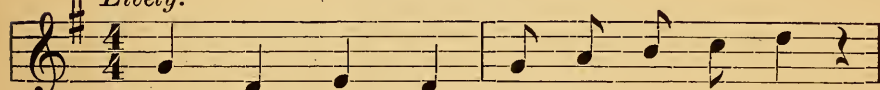
frightened Miss Muffet a - way ! O my ! O my ! It frightened Miss



Muffet a - way ! O my ! O my ! It frightened Miss Muffet away !

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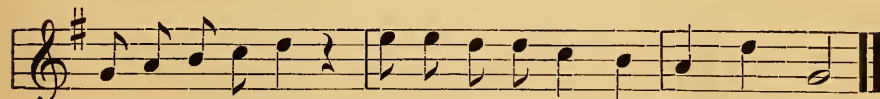
MINCE-PIE.

Lively.

Mince - pie, mince - pie, ap - ple - pie and cheese,



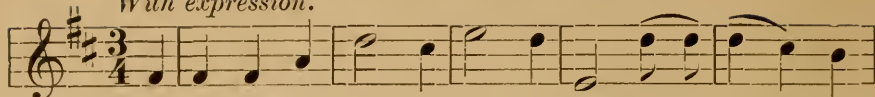
Take all, take none, take just which you please, Mince - pie, mince - pie,



ap-ple-pie and cheese, O what in the world is good as these ?

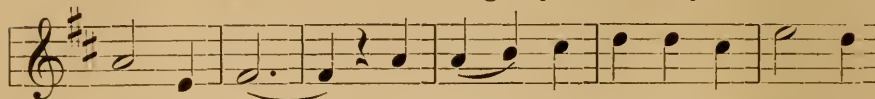
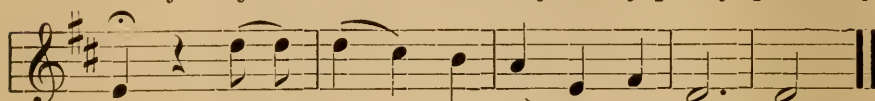
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IF I WERE TO BE A QUEEN.*

With expression.

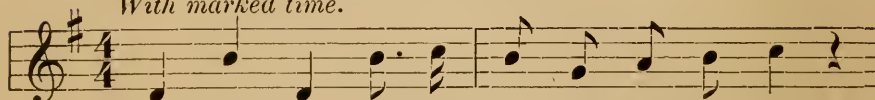
SHE. 1. If I were to be a queen, my dear, Do you know what

HE. 2. If I were to be a king, my dear, And you were to

first I'd do? . . I'd buy a won-der-ful gown, my
be just you, . . I'd make you my pretty queen, mydear, And a lit - tle sat - in shoe.
dear, And buy you the fine gowns, too.

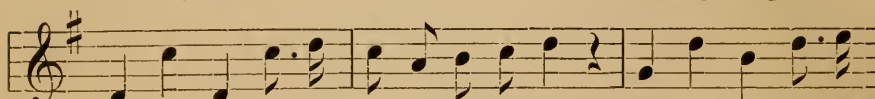
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TICK, TOCK.

With marked time.

1. Tick, tock, tick, tock, Thro' all the summer day,

2. Tick, tock, tick, tock, Thro' all the drow-sy night,



Tick, tock, tick, tock, What is this life but play? Tick, tock, tick, tock, Thro'

Tick, tock, tick, tock, O may our dreams be bright! Tick, tock, tick, tock, Thro'



all the cloudy day, Tick, tock, tick, tock, How long the minutes stay!

all the lone-ly night, Tick, tock, tick, tock, May angels greet our sight!

* For boy and girl.

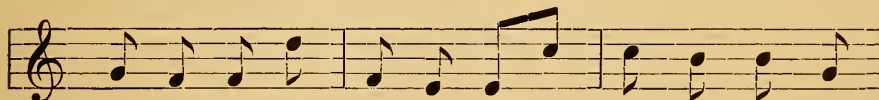
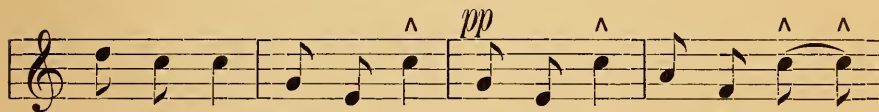
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KATY-DID.

Lively.

1. Thro' the summer afternoons, Thro' the ev'nings long and gray,

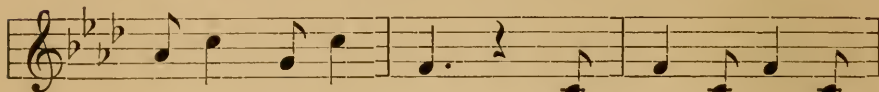
2. Strange it often seems to me, As I hear them all day long,

'Neath the gentle summer moons, Countless lit-tle voi-ces say,
That these wee folks can't agree, Cannot tell the right from wrong;Something ver-y quaint and sweet, And 'tis sounding ev'rywhere,
Yet perhaps it is as well, Thus to quarrel loud and shrill;In the dai-sies at your feet, All a-round you
If they had not this to tell, They would have toin the air. Ka-ty-did! Ka-ty-did! No, she did'nt!
keep quite still. Ka-ty-did! Ka-ty-did! No, she did'nt!No, she did'nt! Ka-ty-did! Ka-ty-did! No, she didn't!
No, she did'nt! Ka-ty-did! Ka-ty-did! No, she didn't!

THE DUSTMAN.

Rather slowly.

1. There is a fun - ny lit - tle man, Whom
 2. And ev - 'ry lit - tle drow - sy eye Be -



ev - 'ry - bod - y knows; Guess what his name is,
 gins at once to close; We hear a sleep-y



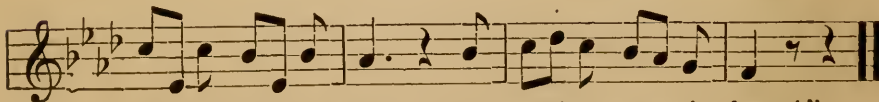
you who can, And what his presence shows. Al -
 yawn and sigh, And nodding each head goes; It



though you nev - er see his face, Nor hear him drawing
 is the dustman on his round, Throwing his dust a -



near, The children know he's at the place, "The
 bout, He pass - es by with - out a sound, 'Tis



old Dustman is here! The old Dustman is here!"
 he, there is no doubt! 'Tis he, there is no doubt!

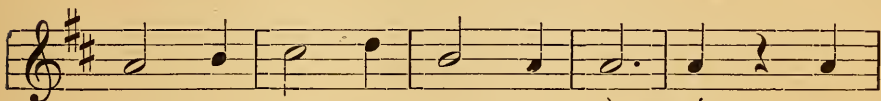
THE FISHERMAN.

Smoothly.

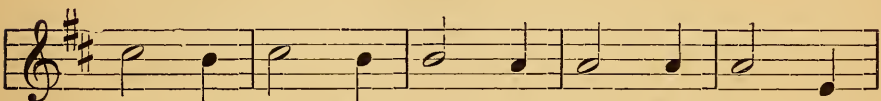
* 1. See the fish-er-man in his boat, Row-ing far
 † 2. And now hisslen - der line he throws, With strong and



out to sea; . . Mer-ri - ly o'er the waves he'll
 stead - y arm; . Down, down, in - to the deep it



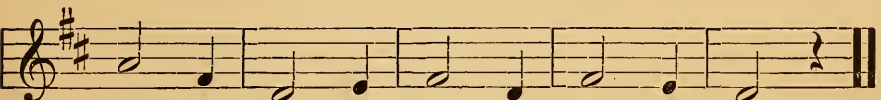
float, So strong and brave is he! . . The
 goes, For the poor fish - es harm; And



winds may rise, the winds may fall, The winds may
 now he draws it back a - gain, A great fish



come and go, . . . He heeds their fu - ry
 on the end, . . . Oh, see the poor thing



not at all, While he can row and row.
 tug and strain, And see the strong rod bend.

* Rowing motion. † Throwing line, and drawing it in.

20 OPEN THE GATES AS HIGH AS THE SKY.*

With animation.



1. O - pen the gates as high as the sky, And
CHO. Tra, la, la, etc.

2. The gates were o - pened high as the sky, But



let King George and his men pass by! O - pen the gates as
nev - er king or his men pass'd by! The gates were open'd

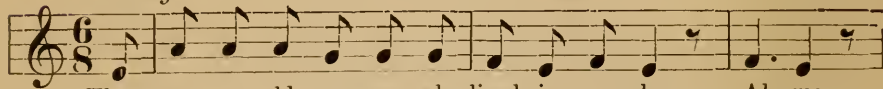


high as the sky, And let King George and his men pass by!
high as the sky, But nev - er king or his men pass'd by!

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THE OLD WOMAN IN THE SHOE.

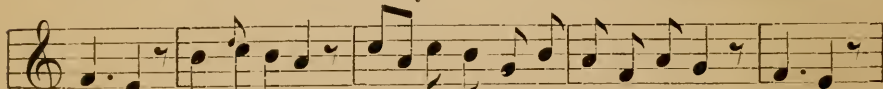
Slowly.



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe, Ah me,

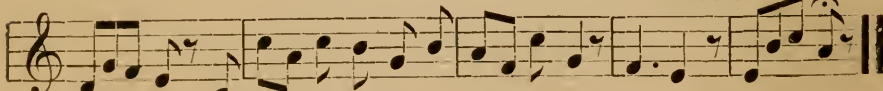


Ah me! She had so many children she didn't know what to do,



Ah me, Ah . . me! My old granny don't live in a shoe, Ah me,

ritard.



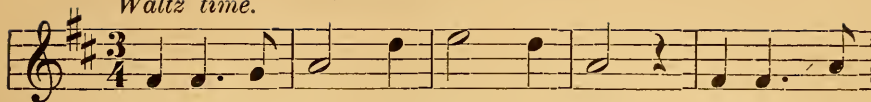
Ah me! But she has too many children, too! Ah me! Ah me!

* 1st VERSE. Taller children join hands forming an arch, under which the smaller children march.

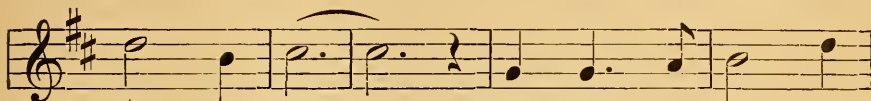
2nd VERSE. All stand by seats, singing 2nd Chorus softly.

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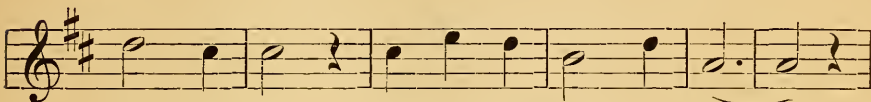
FAIRYLAND.

Waltz time.

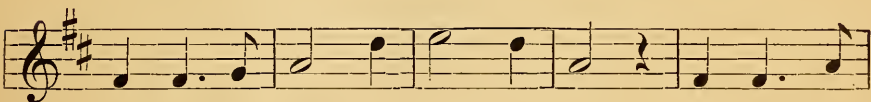
1. If we could go to fair - y land, If we but
 2. Oh, we shall see the fair - y queen, All dressed in



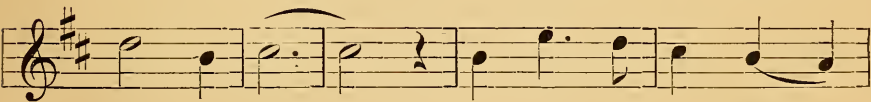
knew the way; .. Come let us ask the
 gold and red; .. A lit - tle wand, with -



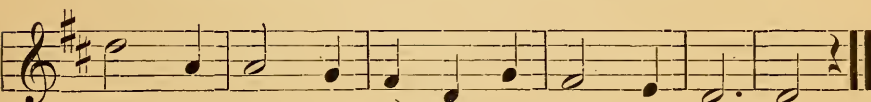
flow - er - ets, And see what they will say; ..
 in her hand A crown up - on her head;



Come let us ask the bird - ies all, For sure - ly
 And if we're ver - y qui - et there, And good the

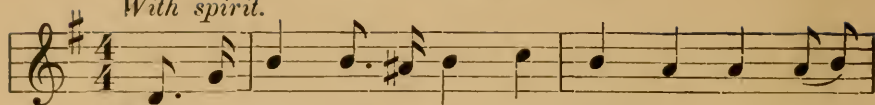


they must know, And then a - way with
 whole day through, Oh, she may touch us

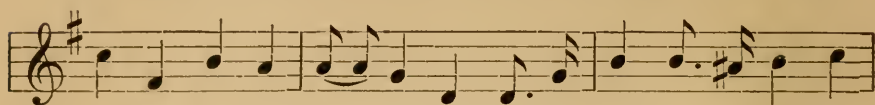


hap - py hearts, To fair - y - land we'll go. . .
 once or twice, And make us fair - ies, too!

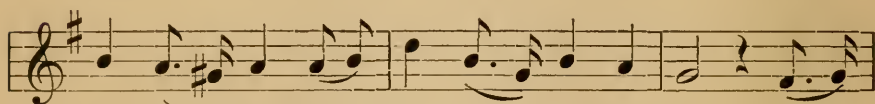
FORWARD MARCH.

With spirit.

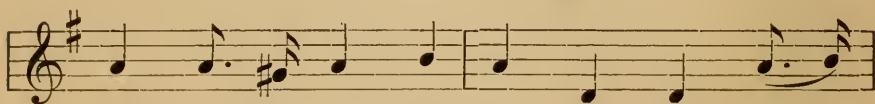
1. Forward march, forward march with stead-y tread, Gayly
2. Up and down, up and down each nar-row aisle, With



clap-ping, clap-ping ev - 'ry hand ; Forward march, forward march, gay-
 hearts so light and voices so gay ; We are keep - ing per - fect



ly a - head, We are such a hap-py band. So
 step all the while, Hear our lit-tle roun-de - lay. So



faith - ful we work till set of sun, And
 faith - ful we work till set of sun, And

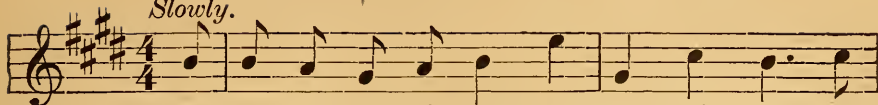


ev - er - y task is neat - ly done ; Forward march, gayly clap-ping
 ev - er - y task is neat - ly done ; Forward march, gayly clap-ping

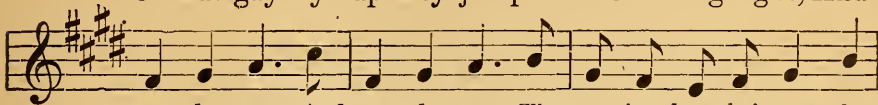


ev - 'ry hand, We are such a hap - py band.
 ev - 'ry hand, We are such a hap - py band.

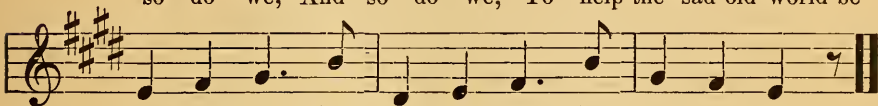
THE POSIES NOD THEIR HEADS.*

Slowly.

1. The po-sies nod their heads at set of sun, And
2. But yet I know they oft - en fret and cry, And
3. But gay - ly up they jump at morn - ing light, And



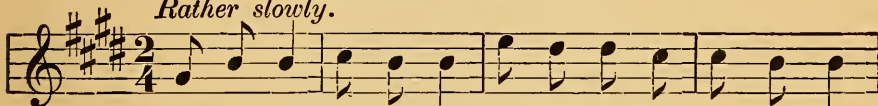
so do we, And so do we, The po-sies close their eyes when
 so do we, And so do we, And let the tear-drops glis - ten
 so do we, And so do we, To help the sad old world be



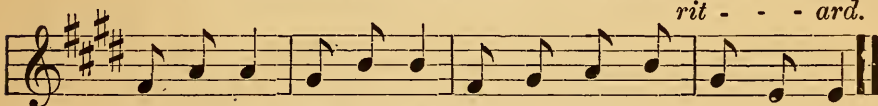
day is done, And so do we, And so do we.
 in their eye, And so do we, And so do we.
 glad and bright, And so do we, And so do we.

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SLEEPY-HEAD.†

Rather slowly.

1. Sleep-y - head, sleep-y - head, Put your night-cap on your head ;
2. Can - dle-light, can-dle - light, Let your beams be strong and bright.

*rit - - - ard.*

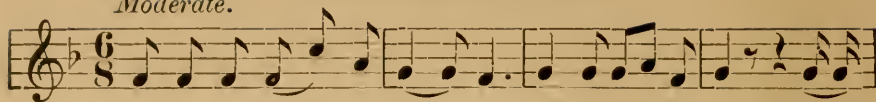
Sleep-y - head, sleep-y - head, Get your light and go to bed.
 Can - dle-light, can-dle light, Guide this drow - sy boy a - right.

* In the 1st VERSE nod the head in time, and close eyes at last part. In the 2nd VERSE frown, cry, and wipe eyes. In the 3rd VERSE look up brightly, and shake the hands with lively motion.

† Move heads from side to side throughout the song. 2nd VERSE, close right hands, holding up right thumbs for candles.

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CHRISTMAS SONG.

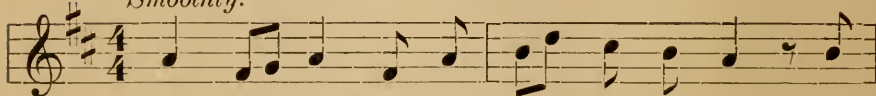
Moderate.

1. What do you think we shall find, dears, On next Christmas morn ! Per -
2. And if there chance to be snow, dears, When we go to bed, We'll
3. But should we think one stocking, dears, O would never do, 'Tis a

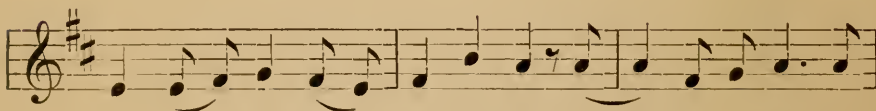


haps a beau-ti - ful doll, dears, Or a shi - ning horn !
 beg of old San-ta Claus, dears, To bring us a sled.
 ver - y ea - sy thing, dears, Just to hang up two !

THE SUN.

Smoothly.

1. Red sun, red sun. O where do you go, A -
2. Red sun, red sun, O what do you see In

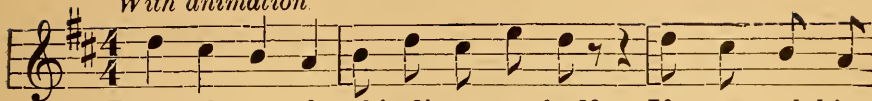


down in the west each night so low ? I trav-el a-far by
 that strange country just un-der me ? Wee lit-tle girls in



wa - ters blue, To an-oth - er land just un - der you.
 wee littlebeds, And drowsy-eyed boys with frowsy heads.

BIRDIE'S BEDTIME.

With animation.

1. Do you know when bir-die goes to bed? If you watch him
2. Do you know how bir-die goes to bed? Oh, he sings a
3. Do you know that birdie says his pray'rs? Yes, the pray'rs that



you will see, That he goes quite cheer - ful - ly,
 good-night song, But it is not ver - y long,
 bir-die says, Not pe - ti - tions are, but praise,



When the sun is set-ting large and red.
 Then be - neath his wing he tucks his head.
 He preach - es a ser-mon un - a - wares.

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SONG OF PRAISE.

Slowly.

1. It is meet for lit - tle chil - dren, In the
2. Let us then in cheer-ful sing - ing, His great



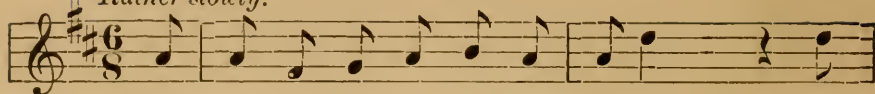
night and in the day, To re - mem - ber the All-
 name hum-bly a - dore, And we may through faith and

rit.

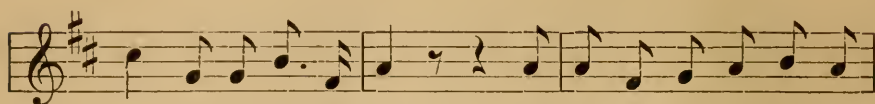
fath - er, And to praise his name al - way.
 meek-ness, Be his own for - ev - er more.

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DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.

Rather slowly.

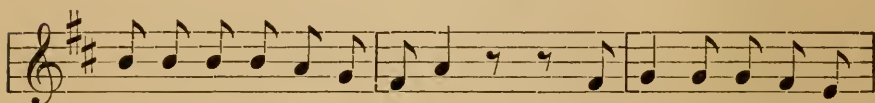
1. I'll sing you a song of a lil-y, And



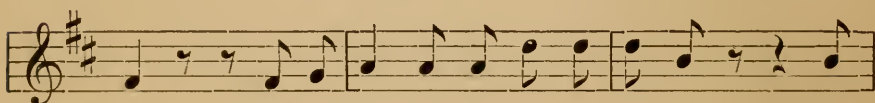
now my song is be-gun; A bright little daf-fy-down-



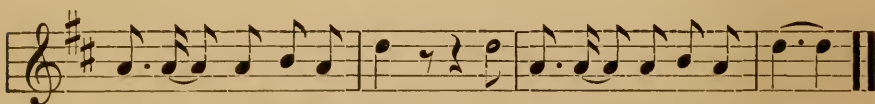
dil - ly, That blos-somed right in the sun. I'll



sing you a song of a lil-y, Yet now my song is be-



gun, It ap-pears to me ver - y sil - ly,— Per-



haps I'd better have done, Perhaps I'd better have done.

THE BUTTERFLY.

With animation.

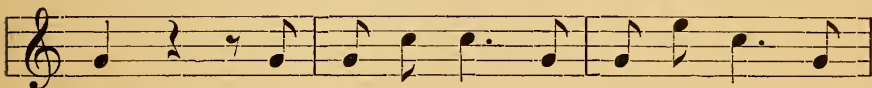
1. But - ter - fly, that hap - py ro - ver,
 2. But - ter - fly is clothed in yel - low,



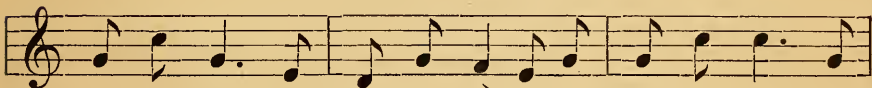
Flits a - mong the bud-ding clo - ver; Kiss - es now and
 Like the sun-beams soft and mel - low; And wears upon his



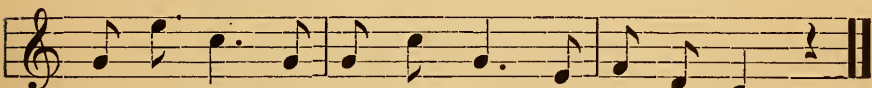
then a flow - er, Just to while the lin - gering
 lit - tle head, A ti - ny hood of black and



hour. Is free and care - less, yet some say, That
 red. He is quite gor - geous, yet some say, That



but-ter - flies live but a day; Is free and care - less,
 but-ter - flies live but a day; He is quite gor - geous,

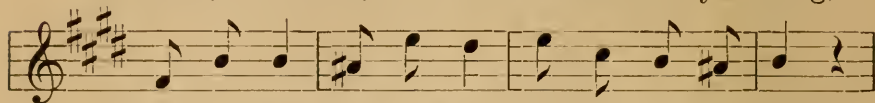


yet some say, That but-ter - flies live but a day.
 yet some say, That but-ter - flies live but a day.

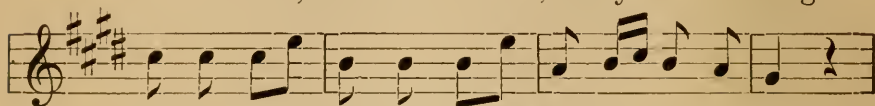
CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Lively.

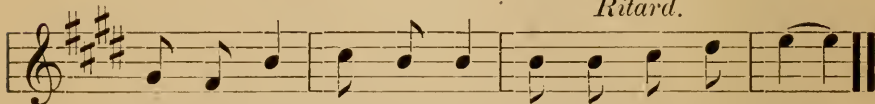
1. Ring out, bell, ring and tell News of great de-light;
2. Blow, loud breeze, blow and seize Echoes for your song;



Loud - ly swell, All is well. For 'tis Christmas night !
 Let the trees, Brooks that freeze, Bear your tale a-long !



And a child, meek and mild, Lives up-on this earth,
 High or low, as you go, Keep the same song still,

Ritard.

By men styled "Un-de-filed," Ring and tell our mirth.
 That we know, shall be so, "Peace and all Good-will !"

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BYE O' BABY.

Rather slowly.

1. Bye o' ba - by, pret-ty girl, With her hair all out of curl ;
2. Bye o' ba - by, naughty child, Crows and laughs so loud and wild ;

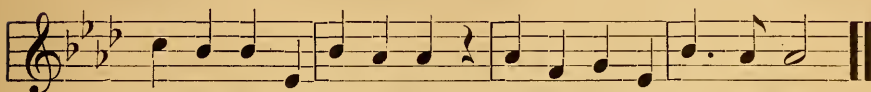


Din-gy fin-gers, rumped frock, One small shoe and one small sock ;
 Pulls the gen-tle pus-sy's tail, Laughs again to hear him wail ;—

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Mother dear must work all day, Baby on - ly has to play.
 Father has to make the hay, Baby dear can play all day.



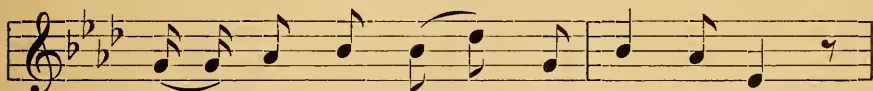
Mother dear must work all day, Baby only has to play.
 Father has to make the hay, Baby dear can play all day.

THE SNOW.

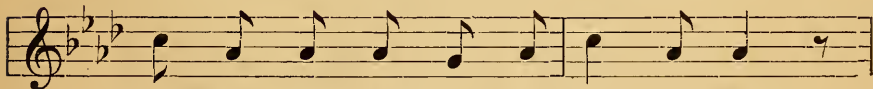
Smoothly.



1. The snow comes down in a flee - cy cloud,
2. It fills the nests in the wil - low tree,



Wrap - ping the earth in a spot-less shroud;
 With pil-lows as soft as soft can be;



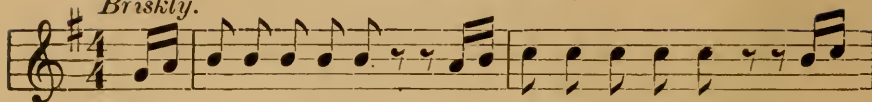
Drop-ping white blos-soms so pure and white,
 Turn-ing the fields to a bound-less plain,



O - ver the bush - es hid - ing from sight.
 Stretching a - way with nev - er a stain.

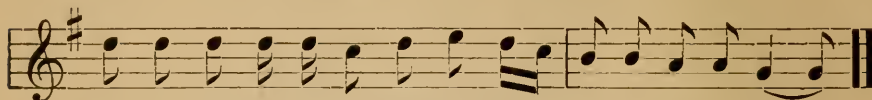
WE PUT OUR RIGHT HANDS UP.*

EXERCISE SONG.

Briskly.

- | | | | | |
|------|------------------------|---|-------------------------|---|
| 1. I | put my right hand up, | I | put my right hand down, | I |
| 2. I | put my left hand up, | I | put my left hand down, | I |
| 3. I | put my two hands up, | I | put my two hands down, | I |
| 4. I | put my right foot out, | I | put my right foot in, | I |
| 5. I | put my left foot out, | I | put my left foot in, | I |

CHORUS. Tra la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, Tra



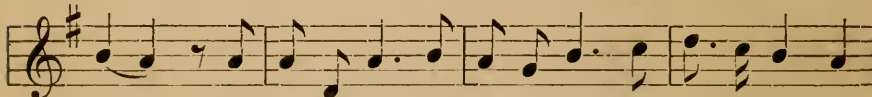
give my right hand a shake, shake, shake, and turn myself a - round. CHO.
 give my left hand a shake, shake, shake, and turn myself a - round. CHO.
 give my two hands a shake, shake, shake, and turn myself a - round. CHO.
 give my right foot a shake, shake, shake, and turn myself a - round. CHO.
 give my left foot a shake, shake, shake, and turn myself a - round. CHO.
 la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la.

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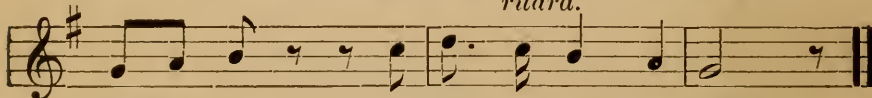
O DOLLY DEAR.†

Moderate.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. O dol - ly dear, my dol - ly dear, | Now do you sleep at |
| 2. O dol - ly dear, my dol - ly dear, | You are a per - fect |
| 3. O dol - ly dear, my dol - ly dear, | I would I were like |



night? The first thing in the morning here, Your eyes are op - en
 pearl; By day or night, 'tis ver - y queer, Your hair's not out of
 you! I'd nev - er have the slightest fear, That one wrong thing I'd

ritard.

bright,	Your eyes are o - pen bright.
curl,	Your hair's not out of curl.
do,	That one wrong thing I'd do.

* Clap hands during Cho.

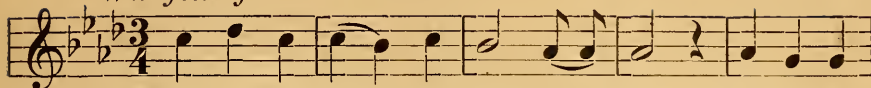
† For a little girl with a doll.

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TWO LITTLE SHOES.

31

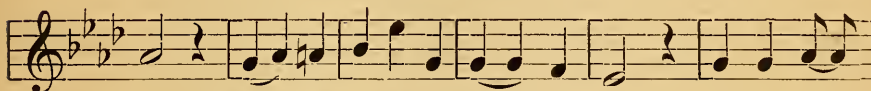
With feeling.



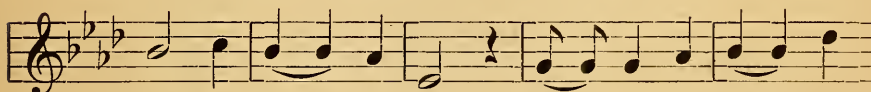
1. Two lit-tle shoes in the cor - ner lie, Rest-ing a-
2. Two lit-tle feet that know them so well, Are rest-ing



while, for the day is done; Two lit-tle shoes all worn and a-
too in the wee white bed; While some one, tho' who I will not



wry, That have been busy since morning sun; Bus-y with
tell, Light-ly kisses a bright curly head; And somebody



work-ing, bus-y with play, Bus-y up-stairs and then
step-ping soft and slow, Be-cause she so loves those

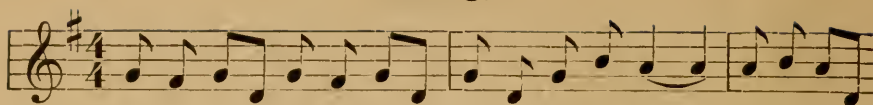


down a-gain; Yet never thro' all the live-long day, Have
feet all bare; Stoops and lov-ing-ly kisses al-so, The

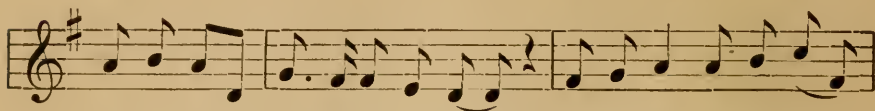


these poor shoes been heard to com-plain.
pa-tient shoes in the cor-ner there.

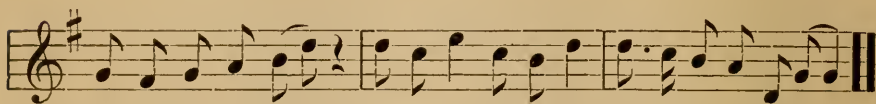
BEES.



1. Come and go, come and go, Bees through snowy flowers, To and fro,
 2. Work a - way, work a - way, On the flow'ry heather, Nev-er play,



to and fro, Through the sunshine showers. Twos and threes, twos and threes,
 never play, Though 'tis summer weather. To your home, to your home,

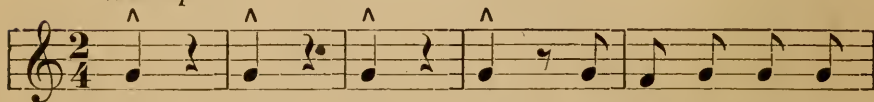


O'er the laden clover, Through the trees, through the trees, All the long day over.
 When the sun is setting, Do not roam, do not roam, Duty sweet forgetting.

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THE ENGINE.

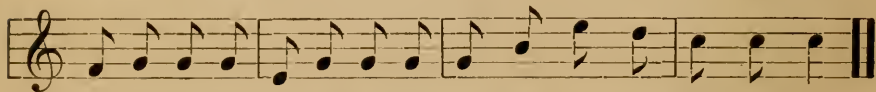
With spirit.



1. Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! The en - gine stands up -
 2. Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! With one great stride a -



on the track, And snorts and puffs im - pa - tient - ly; The
 way he goes, As swift as an - y bird that flies; He



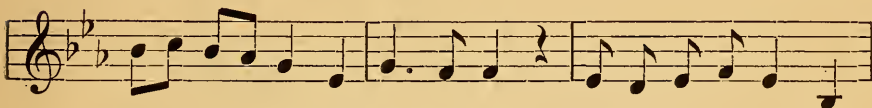
smoke surrounds him thick and black, Oh, such an an - gry steed is he!
 does not care for wind or snow, For gus - ty rain or cloud-y skies.

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MILL SONG.

Rather slowly.

1. Drow-si - ly the mill-stream flows a - long,
 2. And the mil-ler as he works a - way,



'Twixt its banks of fern and rue ; Drowsi - ly it sings its
 'Mongst the piles of golden grain, Cheer-i - ly doth hum his



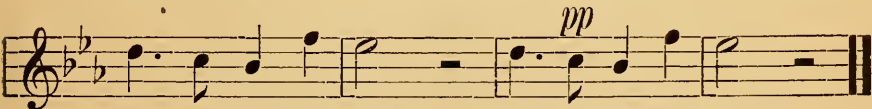
lit - tle song, All the sun-ny summer through. But
 tune all day In the sunshine or the rain. But



click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, Goes the noisy mill, But
 click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, Goes the noisy mill, But



click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack,
 click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack,



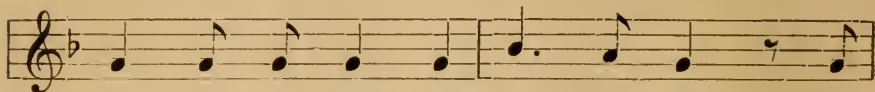
Goes the noi - sy mill ! Goes the noi-sy mill !
 Goes the noi - sy mill ! Goes the noi-sy mill !

LULLABY.

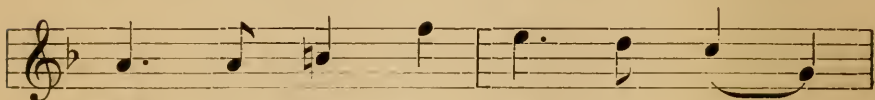
Slowly.

1. Hark! For the wind is blow - ing high!

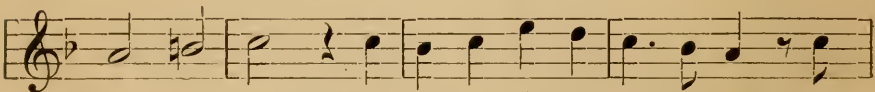
2. Hark! For the drops fall on the pane!



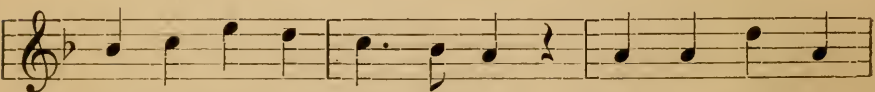
But do I heed it? ah, not I, For
 But what care I for noi - sy rain? While



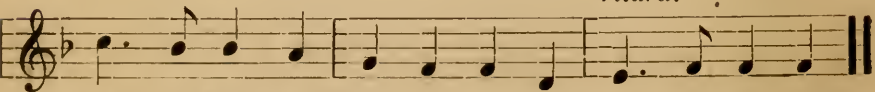
moth - er sings her lul - la - by,
 moth - er sits and sings her strain,



"Sleep, sleep, sleep! The winds are moaning o'er the deep, But
 "Dream, dream, dream! What tho' the night doth lonely seem, Soon

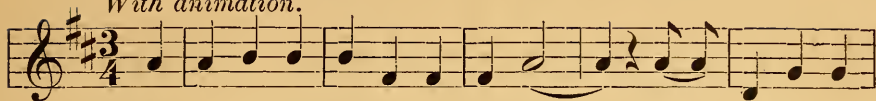


round you, dear, my arms I keep; What care we for
 we shall see the morning beam, What care we for

ritard.

wind or weath-er, While we two, dear, are to-geth - er?"
 wind or weath-er, While we two, dear, are to-geth - er?"

LITTLE BIRD, TELL ME A STORY.

With animation.

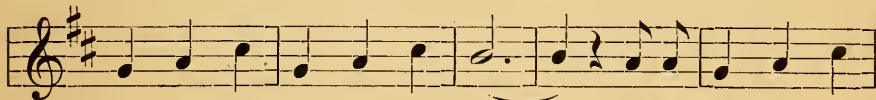
1. Now lit-tle bird, tell me a sto-ry. I'm cross and ill-
 2. Old pus-sy cat, there in the sun-shine, Will you tell me a
 3. Old house-dog, so i-dle and la-zy, I shall not this last



na-tured this morn-ing; O small bird, you must tell a
 won-der-ful tale? I'm tir-ed of flow-ers and
 time be-re-fused, It shocks me to see you so



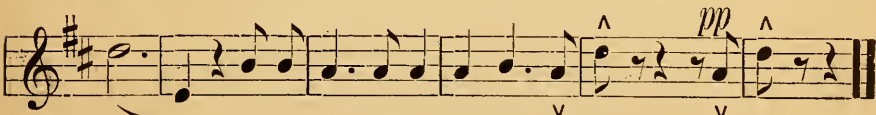
sto-ry, I hope you'll excuse my rude yawning! But the
 sun-shine, And the whole world is growing so stale! But the
 la-zy, And I tell you I must be a-mused; But the



sau-cy bird up in the tree, On-ly mock-ing-ly
 old puss gave one wink or two, And pro-vok-ing-ly
 old dog made one se-date bow, And just said as he



twit-tered, "Pee wee!" But the sau-cy bird up in the
 drawled out, "Mew mew!" But the old puss gave one wink or
 walked off, "Wow, wow." But the old dog made one se-date



tree, On-ly mock-ing-ly twit-tered, "Pee wee! Pee wee!"
 two, And provokingly drawled out, "Mew mew! Mew mew!"
 bow, And just said as he walked off, "Wow, wow, Wow, wow!"



She made us brave and free, She gave us lib-er-ty,



She made us brave and free, She gave us lib-er-ty.

CRICKET SONG.

Slowly.



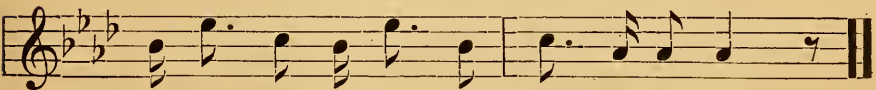
1. In the king's highway and in the green lane,
2. When summer's dy-ing and lone-ly birds call,
3. Oft when the evening winds drear-i-ly moan,



If you but lis-ten you'll hear my quaint strain;
And the dry leaves are be-gin-ning to fall,
Soft-ly I creep to your cheer-ful hearthstone;

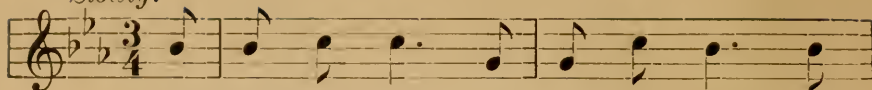


Chirrup, chirp, chirrup, a - gain and a - gain,
Chirrup, chirp, chirrup, will sound a - bove all,
Chirrup, chirp, chirrup, I sing all a - lone,

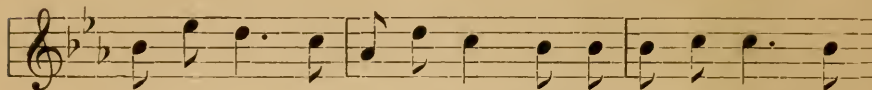


Chir-rup, chirp, chirrup, a - gain and a - gain.
Chir-rup, chirp, chirrup, will sound a - bove all.
Chir-rup, chirp, chirrup, I sing all a - lone.

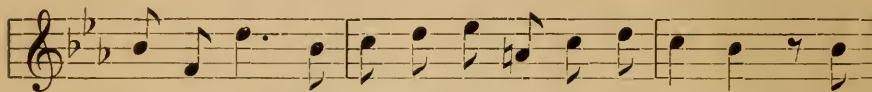
GOOD-NIGHT.

Slowly.

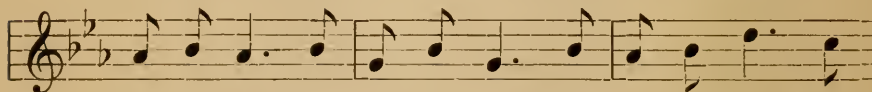
Good-night, good-night, be - lov - ed ones, The



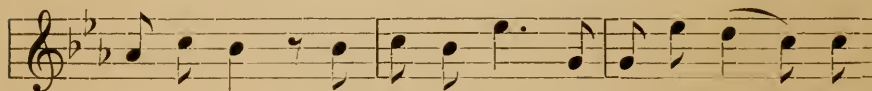
day is sweet we've spent together; Now creeps the wind from



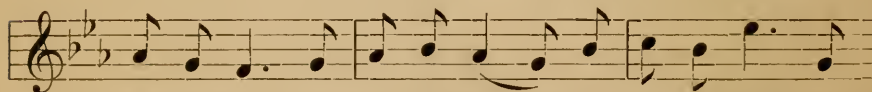
out the west, Now slants the sun upon the heather ; And



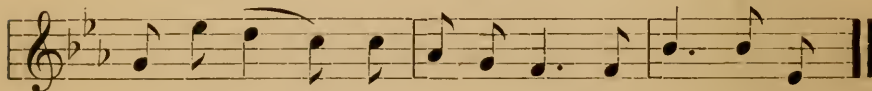
to the hive the la - den bee, Goes fly - ing all so



heav-i - ly. The day is past, with la-bor dight, We



fold our hands, and say, "Good-night;" The day is past, with



la-bor dight, We fold our hands, and say, "Good-night!"

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